

# Cavanagh,

The Great Conservation Novel

## CHAPTER XIV. PLAGUE AND MURDER.

UPON leaving timber line Cavanagh and Wetherford entered upon a wide and sterile slope high on the rocky breast of the great peak whose splintered crest loomed above them. Snow fields lay all about, and a few feet higher up the canyons were filled with ice. It was a savage and tempest swept spot in which to pitch a tent, but there among the rocks shivered the minute canvas home of the shepherd, and close beside it, guarded by a lone dog and lying like a thick spread flock of rimy boulders (almost unnoticeable in their silent immobility) huddled the sheep.

"There's your house," shouted Ross to Wetherford.

The older man, with white face of dismay, looked about him, unable to make reply.

"Hello, there!" shouted Ross, wondering at the absence of human life about the camp. "Hello, the house!"

Receiving no answer to his hail, he turned to Wetherford. "Looks as if Ambro has pulled out and left the colts to tend the flock. He's been kind of speedy for some days."

Dismounting, he approached the tent. The colts, who knew him, seemed to understand his errand, for he leaped upon him as if to kiss his cheek. Ross put him down gently. "You're almost too glad to see me, old fellow. I wonder how long you've been left here alone."

Thereupon he opened the tent flap, but started back with instant perception of something wrong, for there, on his pile of ragged quilts, lay the Basque herder, with flushed face and rolling eyes, crazed with fever and entirely helpless. "You'd better not come in here, Wetherford," Ross warned. "Joe is here, horribly sick, and I'm afraid it's something contagious. It may be smallpox."

Wetherford recoiled a step. "Smallpox! What makes you think that?"

"Well, these Basques have been having it over in their settlement, and besides, it smells like it." He listened a moment. "I'm afraid Joe's in for it. He's crazy with it. But he's a human being, and we can't let him die here alone. You rustle some wood for the stove, and I'll see what I can do for him."

Wetherford was old and wasted and thin blooded, but he had never been a coward, and in his heart there still burned a small flame of his youthful, reckless, generous daring. Pushing Cavanagh one side, he said with firm decision: "You keep out of there. I'm the one to play nurse. This is my job."

"Nonsense! I am younger and stronger than you."

"Get away!" shouted the older man. "Gregg hired me to do this work, and it don't matter whether I live or die. But you've got something to do in the world. My girl needs you, and she don't need me, so get out of here and stay out. Go bring me that wood and I'll go in and see what the matter is."

Cavanagh looked him in the face an instant. "Very well," said he, "I'll do as you say. There's no use of our both taking chances."

It was beginning to rain, and the tent was dark and desolate, but as the fire in the little stove commenced to snarl and the smoke to pour out of the pipe the small domestic took on cheer. Wetherford knew how to care for the sick and in the shelter of the canvas wall developed unforeseen vigor and decision. It was amazing to Cavanagh to witness his change of manner.

Soon a pan of water was steaming, and some hot stones were at the sufferer's feet, and when Wetherford appeared at the door of the tent his face was almost happy. "Kill a sheep. There isn't a thing but a heel of bacon and a little flour in the place."

Twenty miles of most difficult trail lay between Cavanagh's cabin and this spot. To carry the sick man on his horse would not only be painful to the sufferer, but dangerous to the rescuer, for if the Basque were really ill of smallpox contagion would surely follow. On the other hand, to leave him to die here unaided seemed inhuman, impossible.

"There is only one thing to do," he called to Wetherford, "and that is for me to ride back to the station and bring up some extra bedding and my own tent and so camp down beside you."

# Forest



pack horse and burdened him with camp outfit and utensils and extra clothing. He filled his pockets with such medicines as he possessed, and so at last, just as night was falling, he started back over his difficult trail.

Wetherford met him at the door, no longer the poor old tramp, but a priest, one who has devoted himself to Christ's service.

"How is he?" asked the ranger. "Delirious," replied the herder. "I've had to hold him to his bed. I'm glad you've come. It's lonesome up here. Don't come too near. Set your tent down there by the trees. I can't have you infected. Keep clear of me and this camp."

"I've got some food and some extra clothing for you."

"Put 'em down here, and in the morning drive these sheep away. That noise disturbs the dogs, and I don't like it myself; they sound lonesome and helpless. That dog took 'em away for awhile, but brought 'em back again. Poor devil, he don't know what to think of it all."

Ross did as Wetherford commanded him to do and withdrew a little way down the slope and without putting up his tent rolled himself in his blankets and went to sleep.

The ranger's first duty in the morning was to feed the faithful colts and to send him forth with the flock. His next was to build a fire and cook some breakfast for Wetherford, and as he put it down beside the tent door he heard the wild pleading of the Basque, who was struggling with his nurse, doubtless in the belief that he was being kept a prisoner. Only a few words like "go home" and "sheep" were intelligible to either the nurse or the ranger.

Cavanagh waited till a silence came, then called softly. "Here's your breakfast, Wetherford."

"Move away," retorted the man within. "Keep your distance."

Ross walked away a little space, and Wetherford came to the door. "The dog is sure sick. There's no two ways about that. How far is it to the nearest doctor?"

"I could reach one by phone from the Kettle ranch, about twenty miles below here."

"If he don't get better today I reckon we'll have to have a doctor." He looked so white and old that Cavanagh said:

"You need rest. Now, I think I've had the smallpox. I know I've been vaccinated, and if you go to bed—" "If you're saying all that preliminary to offering to come in here you're wasting your breath. I don't intend to let you come any nearer than you are. There is work for you to do. Besides, there's my girl. You're detailed to look after her."

"Would a doctor come?" asked Ross quite huskily, moved by Wetherford's words. "It's a hard climb. Would they think the dog worth it?"

Wetherford's face darkened with a look of doubt. "It is a hard trip for a city man, but maybe he would come for you—for the government."

"I doubt it, even if I were to offer my next month's salary as a fee. These hills are very remote to the townsfolk and one day more or less of no importance, but I'll see what I can do."

Ross was really more concerned for Wetherford himself than for the Basque. "If the fever is something malignant we must have medical aid," he said and went slowly back to his own camp to ponder his puzzling problem.

# Ranger

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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The public entry. It was not a public ground, as certain ranchers claimed, but it was excellent summer pasture, and the sheepmen and cattlemen had leaped at once into warfare to possess it. Sheep were beaten to death with clubs by hundreds, herders were hustled out of the park with ropes about their necks and their outfits destroyed, and all this within a few miles of the forest boundary, where one small sentinel kept effective watch and ward.

Cavanagh had never been over this trail but once, and he was trying to locate the cliff from which a flock of sheep had been hurled by cattlemen some years before when he perceived a thin column of smoke rising from a rocky hillside. With habitual watchfulness as to fire, he raised his glass to his eyes and studied the spot. It was evidently a campfire and smoldering dangerously, and turning his



HE PERCEIVED A CHARRIED HAND!

horse's head, he rode toward it to stamp it out. It was not upon his patrol, but that did not matter. His duty was clear.

As he drew near he began to perceive signs of a broken camp. The ground was littered with utensils. It was not an ordinary campfire, and the ranger's heart quickened. "Another sheep herder has been driven out and his tent and provisions burned," he exclaimed wrathfully.

His horse snorted and shied as he rode nearer, and then a shudder passed through the ranger's heart as he perceived in the edge of the smoldering embers a boot heel and then—a charred hand! In the smoke of that fire was the reek of human flesh.

For a long time the ranger sat on his horse, peering down into those ashes until at last it became evident to his eyes that at least two sheep herders had been sacrificed on the cattlemen's altar of hate and greed.

All about on the sod the story was written all too plain. Two men, possibly three, had been murdered, cut to pieces and burned not many hours before. There stood the bloody spade with which the bodies had been dismembered, and there lay an empty can whose oil had been poured upon the mingled camp utensils, tent and wagon of the herders in the attempt to incinerate the hacked and dismembered limbs of the victims. The lawlessness of the range had culminated. The ferocity of the herder had gone beyond the savage. Here in the sweet autumn air the reek of the cattlemen's vengeance rose like some hideous vapor, poisonous and obscene.

The ranger sickened as the bloody tale unfolded itself before him. Then a fierce hate of such warfare flamed in his heart. Could this enormity be committed under any other civilized flag? Would any other government intermingled so foolishly, so childishly, its state and federal authority as to permit such diabolism?

In his horror, his sense of revolt, he cursed the state of which he was a citizen. He would have resigned his commission at the moment, so intense was his resentment of the supine, careless, jovial, slattern government under which he was serving.

"By the Lord," he breathed, with solemn intensity, "if this does not shame the people of this state into revolt, if these fiends are not bound and hung, I will myself hang them. I cannot live and do my duty here unless this crime is avenged by law."

Chilled, shaking and numb, he set spurs to his horse and rode furiously down the trail toward the nearest town, so eager to spread the alarm that he could scarcely breathe a deep breath. On the steep slopes he was forced to walk, and his horse led so badly that his agony of impatience was deepened. He had a vision of the murderers riding fast into far countries. Each hour made their apprehension progressively the more difficult.

was so strained and unnatural that his chief did not recognize it.

"Is that you, Ross? What's the matter? Your voice sounds hoarse."

Ross composed himself and told his story briefly. "I'm at Kettle Ranch postoffice. Now listen. The limit of the cattlemen's ferocity has been reached. As I rode down here to get into communication with a doctor for a sick herder I came upon the scene of another murder and burning. The fire is still smoldering. At least two bodies are in the embers."

At last, bit by bit, from hurried speech, the supervisor derived the fact, the location, the hour, and directed the herder to ride back and guard the remains till the sheriff arrived.

"Keep it all quiet," warned Ross, "and get the sheriff and a doctor to come up here as quick as you can. What is this country coming to?" he cried in despair. "Will this deed go unpunished like the rest?"

Redfield's voice had lost its optimistic ring. "I don't know; I am stunned by it all. Don't do anything rash, Ross. Wait till I come. Perhaps this is the turning point out here. I'll be up at the earliest moment."

The embittered and disheartened ranger then called up Lee Virginia, and the sound of her sweet voice turned his thoughts to other and in a sense more important matters, for when she heard his name she cried out with such eager longing and appeal that his heart leaped. "Oh, I wish you were here! Mother has been worse today. She is asking for you. Can't you come down and see us? She wants to tell you something."

"I can't—I can't," he stammered. "I—I'm a long way off, and I have important work to do. Tell her I will come tomorrow. Dear girl, there is a sick man far up on the mountain side with no one to care for him but a poor old herder who is in danger of falling sick himself. I must go back to them; but, believe me, I will come just as soon as my duties will let me. You understand me, don't you?"

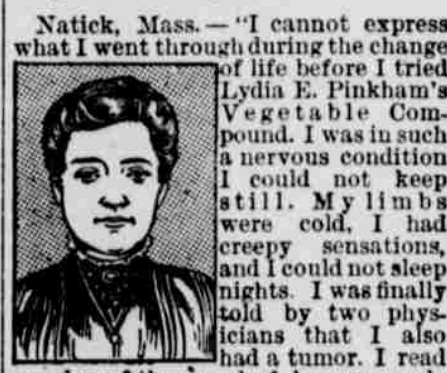
Her voice was fainter as she said: "Yes, but I—it seems hard to wait."

"I know. Your voice has helped me. I was in a black mood when I came here. I'm going back now to do my work, and then I will come to you. Goodbye."

Strangely beautiful and very subtle was the vibrant stir of that wire as it conveyed back to his ear the little sigh with which she made answer to his plea. He took his way upward in a mood which was meditative, but no longer bitter.

## WHAT I WENT THROUGH

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the change of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold, I had creepy sensations, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others, you may publish my letter."—MRS. NATHAN B. GRATON, 61 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

## GOING SOME

Two negroes got into a row with a white man. The latter had a revolver and fired a shot. The darkies did a Marathon stunt until out of rank when one of negroes said to his friend:

"Did you hear dat bullet?"

Deed I did I hearn it twice!"

What do ye mean by dat? ask the first one.

"I hearn dat bullet once when it passed me, and den another time when I passed it!"

## ALL MY PIMPLES GONE

Girl Tells How a Blotchy Skin Was Cleansed By a Simple Wash.

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Minnie Pickard of Altamahaw, N. C. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription I can say that now there is no sign of that Eczema, and that was three years ago."

D. D. D. has become so famous as a cure and instant relief in Eczema and all other serious skin diseases, that its value is sometimes overlooked in clearing up rash, pimples, blackheads, and all other minor forms of skin impurities.

The fact is, that while D. D. D. is so penetrating that it strikes to the very root of Eczema or any other serious trouble, the soothing Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol and other ingredients are so carefully compounded there is no wash for the skin made that can compare with this great household remedy for every kind of skin trouble.

D. D. D. is pleasant to use, perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin, and absolutely reliable. A 25-cent bottle will give you positive proof of the wonderful effectiveness of this great remedy.

J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

**DICTIONARIES.**  
Dictionaries are like watches—the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true.—Samuel Johnson.

**Asthma! Asthma!**  
**POPHAM'S ASTHMA REMEDY** gives instant relief and an absolute cure in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever. Sold by druggists; mail on receipt of price \$1.00. Trial Package by mail 10 cents. Williams M'fg. Co., Props. Cleveland, Ohio. Sold only by J. H. Orme.

**THE COMMONPLACE.**  
A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh.  
But why should we sigh as we say?  
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky  
Makes up the commonplace day.  
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
The flower that blooms and the bird that sings,  
But sad were the world and dark our lot  
If the flowers faded and the sun shone not,  
And God, who sees each separate soul,  
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.  
—Susan Coolidge.

"Our baby cries for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. T. B. Kendrick, Rasaca, Ga. "It is the best cough remedy on the market for coughs, colds and croup." For sale by all dealers.

**FEED THE HUNGRY.**  
When Christ fed the multitude, you know, he did not give any lecture or precede it with homilies. He just fed the hungry, you remember. I think that is very significant, and I believe that when people are in need they should be lifted out of their condition.—Mrs. Russell Sage.

## WOMAN'S FRIEND

Makes Glorious Hair That Fascinates And Attracts.

Parisian Sage is not a nostrum; it is the scientific preparation of one of the world's greatest dermatologists.

It will grow hair. It will cure dandruff. It will stop falling hair. It will make the scalp clean and white and free it from any disease.

It is the most marvelous and efficient hair dressing known. It will turn harsh, lustreless and uncontrollable hair into soft, lustrous and fascinating hair in a few days. It is the favorite hair dressing of thousands of American women, who realize that no woman can be handsome without beautiful hair. Large bottle 50 cents at Haynes & Taylor's on money back plan.

**PROUD MAN.**  
But man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glushy essence, an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks  
Fore high heaven  
As make the angels weep.  
—Shakespeare.

## Roast Eggs in Ashes

Every boy and girl down on the farm in times gone by used to roast eggs, pieces of meat and potatoes in embers in open fireplace. Barns were searched for hens nests, and the fine, fresh eggs were wrapped in heavy paper. The paper was dampened, and several thicknesses of it protected the eggs from scorching you know, wet paper in a ball is hard to burn. Well the wrapped up eggs were put on the live coals and partially covered by them.

In from 5 to 15 minutes the egg was roasting hot and ready to eat with salt, pepper and butter. A pin hole was made in the big end of the eggs so as to let the steam escape to keep it from bursting the shell, and the meats from running out. If you have never as a small boy roasted such eggs you have missed childhood's greatest joys. Then boys would trap birds, and there not being enough for a mess for the family table such birds were roasted in paper after the manner of eggs, and they certainly were as delicious as ever the tip of the tongue touched.

When you feel discouraged, confused, nervous, tired, worried or despondent it is a sure sign you need MOTT'S NERVE-RINE PILLS. They renew the normal vigor and make life worth living. Be sure and ask for MOTT'S NERVE-RINE PILLS. Price \$1.00 by druggists.—Williams M'fg. Co., Props. Cleveland, Ohio. Sold only by J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

## "A Boy's Faith In Dad"

Some boys call their dad "papa" Oh, gee! that makes me mad, It seems so stiff, and like a book. You bet I call mine, dad.

And he's a ripper, too, you bet The boys all wish they had A father that would laugh and joke, And love them like my dad.

Of course, some times when all the bills Come in he's mighty mad, And then we sit as still as mice And hear him jaw—poor dad.

Its always over soon and then You bet we all feel glad, And then we all climb on his lap And hug and kiss our dad.

You can't have kids and money too, He says and so he's glad, The good Lord made him poor or else He might not been our dad.

I don't want to be President Like ever little tad, When I'm grown up I'd rather be A nice man just like dad.

## WILLIAMS' KIDNEY PILLS.

Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have pains in loins, side, back and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, and under the eyes? A frequent desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you—Druggist Price 50 cents.—Williams M'fg. Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Sold only by J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

## Be A Gentleman.

Not every boy can be a rich man or great man, but every boy can be a gentleman. A boy with gentlemanly manners, who is trustworthy and honest and does his very best every day, will gain attention and confidence of men and will be given paying and responsible positions as soon as he is old enough to fill them. It is right they should. They will never be boys but once, but have fun is not altogether what they are made for. Boys are of value chiefly to make men, good for something in the world. Character like a house, must have the right kind of foundation. The foundation stones of a good character are reverence for God, respect and obedience to parents, deference for old people.

## WANTED CORN

Until further notice, we will give 50cts. for white corn shucked and delivered at our mill.

MARION MILLING CO.